SOME NEW BOOKS.

Green's History of England.

The fourth volume, now published by the Harpers, ends, we presume, the *History of the English People*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN. The author has brought down his narrative to the year 1815, a date which, for many reasons, may be fairly held to constitute the close of an epoch, and which, at all events, relieves him from the embarrassment of dealing with contemporary persons and events. Looking back over the whole work, we cannot fail to recognize the merits which have commended it to a wide popularity, and also to a large measure of approval on the part of well informed and competent students of the subject. Originally undertaken with the modest aim of compiling a mere handbook, whose succinctness, however, should not exclude accuracy and attractiveness, the design has gradually been expanded to the proportions of a full and painstaking conspectus of the development of the English nation. Yet it cannot be said that the growing breadth of the canvas has entailed any radical change in the methods of portrayal. We should search in vain for proofs of any extended original research, and the signs are infrequent of an independent judicial review of the conflicting evidence bearing on disputed questions. There is little or no investigation or deliberation at first hand, the facts being collected from sources already accessible to the reader, and the conclusions being for the most part accepted on the strength of this or that authority. In a word, the object of this book is mainly educational; it contemplates the distribution rather than the discovery of truth; and while even the expert in English history will find it extremely useful as a manual of reference, he will scarcely cite it as an authority in itself. If the writing of history could properly be termed a science, it would be hardly possible to challenge for this narrative a scientific value. If such a performance, on the other hand, is rightly to be judged from a literary point of view alone, then certainly Mr. Green may lay claim to the production of a work clothed with a genuine and abiding charm, and with many traits of excellence.

It was the unquestionable merit of his style which caught the popular ear, and revealed to publishers and readers Mr. Green's true vocation as an effective agent in that assimilative function on which of late years so much literary ability and labor have been concentrated. A diction so ductile, vigorous, and pleasing as his was not attained without long study and patient practice, and it is manifest what model the author had in mind. With the exception of Froude, Macaulay has had, among succeeding writers, no imitator so sedulous and so successful. From him Mr. Green has learned the incomparable vivacity of the short sentence in a narrative addressed to a popular audience, and he has caught the knack of avoiding a too jolting staccato movement by an adroit selection of initial words, and an assiduous attention to the sequence of thought. In some respects, no doubt, Mr. Green falls decidedly short, not only of his master, but also of his fellow disciple. There are in his pages few of those flashes of descriptive and rhetorical genius which were so frequent in Macaulay, and which are, perhaps, more conspicuous in Mr. Froude than in any other writer of English prose now living, except Carlyle and Ruskin. It must be said, however, that Macaulay's diction at its brightest carried a suggestion of the hardness as well as the brilliancy of the diamond, and that the swift, lucent current of Mr. Froude's exposition seems clouded now and then with an infusion of personal predilection, not to say prejudice. Now, Mr. Green's style is genial, and it is impersonal. Less calculated to captivate and enchain the ear for the time demanded by an essay than either of the styles mentioned, it is better adapted to allure, conciliate, and satisfy through the long strain on the attention entailed by an extended history.

Aside from the felicity of arrangement and diction of which, with each new volume, Mr. Green has given us fresh evidence, the attitude of his mind and the tone of his utterance are well fitted to impress a conviction of the author's equity and moderation. He seems to have no party to vindicate, no theory to illustrate, no private ends to serve. He is not, you would say, a theologian, a politician, or a social reformer; he is simply a story teller, who means to tell the truth, and tell it well. It is probably the instinctive faith in the author's impartiality and veracity which, next to the singular readableness of the book, has operated most strongly to attract a multitude of readers. Plain people who have neither the opportunity nor patience to spell out the past for themselves, like to feel that they are looking at it through a nearly transparent medium, where the distortion from refraction is reduced at least to a minimum; they have come to have this feeling about Mr. Green's history, and that is one of the main reasons why they are buying it so largely.

We took occasion more than once, as preceding volumes have appeared, to point out that Mr. Green's reputation for industry, circumspection, accuracy, and fairness was, on the whole, well deserved. We should have the same report to make of the concluding volume, but for the fact that the part relating to our Revolutionary War seems to us the least creditable portion of Mr. Green's performance. Not that his version of the struggle is disfigured by any of the gross blunders and perverse misstatements which have passed current in some English works purporting to set forth a correct transcript of events. Neither is there ground for complaint, because in a sketch so summary many interesting details are necessarily passed over. But we think that, even in the space allotted to this branch of the subject, Mr. Green's narrative might have been more exact and more complete. It is probably worth while to indicate a few of his omissions and inadvertencies, for the reason that his work is likely to be widely read in the United States, and because the very candor and friendliness of his spirit will be apt to disarm criticism. We know, indeed, of no English writer who has discussed the secession of the colonies with a more resolute intention to recognize the errors of the parent State and the substantial grievances of its American dependencies. We are bound to say, however, that in this section of his task Mr. Green has made a somewhat less exhaustive study of his theme than we expected of him, and seems to have neglected sources of information easily accessible to students of American history.

Mr. Green perceives that the conquest of Canada, by removing the pressure of fear and the necessity of protection, smoothed the way for the separation of the colonies from the mother country. But he seems to have reached this truth, which is unquestionably one of the master keys of the situation, through reading the well-known prophecy of the Duc de Choiseul, and observing its prompt fulfilment. It might have been more pertinent and conclusive to have cited facts and declarations from the previous history of the colonies themselves. There was undoubtedly a period toward the close of the seventeenth century when the colonies were almost ripe for confederation and independence, and it is well nigh certain that secession would have taken place but for well-grounded apprehensions of French aggression. All through the first half of the eighteenth century there may be found in the private correspondence and even in the public speeches of leading men on this side of the Atlantic, intimations that the tie between America and England would not long survive the downfall of the French fortresses on the gulf and river of St. Lawrence and along the line of the great lakes. It was the instinct of conviction that they were fighting their own battle, and setting free their hands to deal with their own concerns, which accounts for the unflagging ardor and tremendous sacrifices of the American colonists during the war with France, which closed with the peace of Paris in September, 1762. How truly this was the case has been brought out with peculiar distinctness and emphasis by the renewed and assiduous study of pre-revolutionary annals undertaken in connection with our late centenary.

It is, however, Mr. Green's exposition of the fundamental difference between the colonists and those Ministers of George III. whose measures provoked the war which seems to us least satisfactory. If he seems at moments to discern the capital point at issue, he nowhere states it with sufficient clearness and precision, and there are times when he seems to miss it altogether. He says, for instance, that "on mere grounds of law" George Grenville was "undoubtedly right" in his assertion that "no bounds could be fixed for the supremacy of the King in Parliament over every subject of the Crown." Now, it should be easy to show that this sentence holds in solution several radical misconceptions, either one of which would be apt to vitiate the author's view of the American struggle for independence. "Grounds of law," says Mr. Green, as if George Grenville and the colonists were agreed as to the supreme and ultimate creator or interpreter of law, or as if the Englishman of 1776 and the Englishman of 1630 were themselves agreed upon that point. It is true enough that in the system which had grown up since the revolution of 1688, under the conception of the British Constitution which obtained among all English statesmen except William Pitt in the early years of George III., the supreme author and definer of law was the British Legislature, or rather the will of the majorities in the two Houses, to which, under the new theory, the King's endorsement would be given as a matter of course. But no such doctrine prevailed in England in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., when most of the colonies were founded and received their charters; nor did it receive any effectual sanction after the Restoration, in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Throughout these periods, in which colonial notions of the British Constitution were evolved, it was extremely doubtful what constituted the ultimate fountain of law, whether the law-making power resided in the King in Council or in the King in Parliament; but on the whole, the former view seemed to be dominant, even in England, up to 1688, and there is no question whatever that it shaped and controlled the original relation between the colonies and the Crown. So far as the colonies were concerned, the English Parliament throughout the seventeenth century was a purely local legislature, superior in dignity, but essentially coördinate with their own assemblies, and no more authorized to tax British subjects in America than it was before the union to tax the subjects of the Crown in Scotland. It is true that Parliament, as being the legislature of the parent state, had been allowed to exercise a regulative power over trade and navigation, but all attempts to extend beyond this regulative function the scope of its interference with the right of the colonies to legislate for themselves had been steadfastly resisted. In a word, the thinkers and organizers who upheld the American view contended that the several countries and peoples which professed allegiance to the British crown constituted an empire, whereas most English statesmen of our Revolutionary epoch insisted that the aggregate of widely dispersed communities formed a veritable nation. Such men as John Dickinson, Samuel Adams, and Benjamin Franklin averred, and the precedents of a hundred and fifty years sustained them in averring, that aside from the regulation of commerce between the different parts of the empire—a duty which must, for obvious purposes of convenience and efficiency, be committed to a single body—the British Parliament had no more power to legislate for the American dependencies than the colonial assemblies had to make laws for Great Britain. Each legislature was essentially local in its character, and each required the assent and coöperation of the Crown to give its will validity. This was the colonial theory, and it was a theory grounded on a long sequence of historical precedents, which the colonists were justified, from their point of view, in pronouncing the sole facts pertinent to the definition of their true relation to England. They were right in declaring the assumption by Parliament of power to tax America unconstitutional, because the only type of the British Constitution of which they could be fairly expected to take cognizance, and of which they justly claimed to be the conservators, was a very different type from that which had been gradually developed through successive encroachments on the royal prerogative by the Whig aristocracy under the house of Brunswick. Their premises were sound and their conclusion irrefragable, and, what is more significant, they were right also, as events were to prove, from the point of view of England herself; for their notion of the aggregate of the British dominions, constituting not a nation but an empire, is now accepted by every British statesman. Such, in a nutshell, was the purport of the question debated between colonial patriots and the Ministry representing a majority of Parliament. It might have been stated in a few plain words demanding far less space than Mr. Green has actually assigned to the causes of colonial discontent; and no sketch, however cursory, of the American Revolution can be deemed adequate without it.

Among the minor negligences and omissions in the account of the Revolutionary contest some are really unaccountable. We would not animadvert on such trivial errors as the reference to the battle of "Bunker Hill," for the mistake as to locality has been embalmed in history, and it might not improbably seem pedantic to correct it. But why should the battles of Trenton and Princeton be cloaked under such a vague, anonymous, and inadequate description as is comprised in the dozen words following: "A well-managed surprise and a daring march on the rear of Howe's army?" Why, again, should the battle of Germantown be denied a name, and be only hastily mentioned as "a bold but unsuccessful attack by Washington on his victors?" Of Burgoyne's movement, we are told that it was frustrated because "Howe was held fast by Washington's resistance, and rendered unable to send a man to the North." It was not Howe's absence in Philadelphia, but Clinton's supineness at New York, which cut off Burgoyne's hope of succor and coöperation from the South. Here we may observe that the reader of this book will hear nothing about the battle of Bennington, and as the important engagement at Stillwater is passed over in silence, he may imagine that there was but one battle of Saratoga. The rapid and brilliant conquest of Georgia and South Carolina by the British in 1779-80, when it really seemed that the fortune of the war was about to turn, is recounted, or rather ignored, in a single line, and the equally remarkable achievements of Gen. Greene, in recovering the lost ground against great odds, are smothered in the same space. The operations which ended in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown are condensed in six lines, and there is no intimation that the French contributed any soldiers to the land army which coöperated with their fleet, although, as a matter of fact, they furnished 7,000 men and the Americans 9,000 to the besieging force. Not a word is said in the narrative about Arnold's magnificent anabasis through the woods of Maine and the snows of Canada, or about the battle at White Plains, the battle of Monmouth, the storming of Stony Point, or the naval engagements of Paul Jones. The treason of Arnold, which, had his project been carried out, might at the last moment have reversed the course of events, is not deemed to merit even a passing notice.

While we think it proper to advert to certain shortcomings like these in that portion of his work naturally clothed with commanding interest for American readers, it is only just to Mr. Green to indicate in some detail the exceptionally generous and appreciative tone of his general allusions to America. He points out that whatever might have been the importance of American independence in the history of England—and he thinks the loss of her American colonies inflicted on the mother country a much less grievous blow than was at the time supposed—it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded the supremacy of the English race. From the hour of American secession, the life of the English people, which it has been the author's specific object to portray, has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has as yet shown little signs of flagging, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the earth. Mr. Green does not hesitate to acknowledge that we constitute already the main branch of the English people, and he sees that, in the days that are at hand, the main stream of that people's history must run along the channel, not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi. He reminds his readers, English and American, that the distance between their homes is continually lessening, while the ties that unite them are growing stronger, and the social and political differences that once promised to rear between them an impassable barrier are fading every day. He contends that against this silent and irresistible drift of things the spirit of narrow isolation on either side the Atlantic will struggle in vain. It is possible, he concedes, that the two branches of the English people will remain forever separate political existences, and he deems it likely enough that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English settlements in the South Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English communities on the opposite sides of the Atlantic. "But," says Mr. Green, "the influence of all these branches will remain one, and in thus remaining one before half a century is over it will transform the world." As a hundred million of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as thirty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, "their vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it." What the issues of such an earth-shaking metamorphosis may be not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream, but to the author of this history one issue at least seems inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us the primacy of the world will belong to the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features and the main factors of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.

M. W. H.

A New Life of Lord Byron.

On several grounds the latest addition to the series of "English Men of Letters," now publishing by the Harpers, is likely to be the most eagerly and widely read. In the first place, the author of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," notwithstanding some eclipse of his reputation in critical circles, is still far more popular than any of the poets or prose writers whose biographies are included in this collection. Again, there is a striking divergence of opinion among those competent to judge concerning the scope and quality of Lord Byron's genius, and a new estimate of it, made from a modern point of view, and in comparison with later standards of excellence, will naturally be scanned with curiosity and care. Nor is this all. There was at least one episode in the poet's life over which his well-wishers have preferred to pass lightly, but which the indiscretion or uncharitableness of Mrs. Stowe has made the theme of painful and acrimonious discussion. On these accounts we have perused with peculiar interest the *Life of Byron* prepared by Mr. JOHN NICHOL, and purpose to note what the author has to say regarding the points just mentioned.

Regarding that curious shifting of the standard of excellence which so perplexes criticism, Mr. Nichol reminds us how frequent is the return to power of once discarded potentates. Byron is an instance in point, for he seems of late to be resuming his place, English opinion having yielded, to a large extent at least, to the steadfast and unanimous verdict of the Continent. This the biographer demonstrates by quoting words which now sound grotesque from Mr. Carlyle, written when the revolt against the author of "Childe Harold" was at its height. "In my mind," said Carlyle in 1839, "Byron has been sinking at an accelerated rate for the last ten years, and has now reached a very low level. His fame has been very great, but I do not see how it is to endure." Nor can it be denied that, so far as England was concerned, it was the fashion in the interval between 1840 and 1870 to talk of him as a sentimentalist, a romancer, a shallow-wit, a poet for "green, unknowing youth." If we look, however, somewhat closely at Carlyle's strictures, we perceive the constant refrain of his criticism to be "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe!" We do so, and discover, to our astonishment, that the purport of Goethe's counsel in reference to Byron is just the contrary. "I could not," wrote Goethe, "make use of any man as the representative of the modern poetic era except Byron, who is undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century." And again: "The English may think of him as they please; this is certain, they can show no poet who is to be compared with him." He urged Eckermann to study English that he might read him, and on Eckermann's doubting whether there is "a gain for pure culture in Byron's work," Goethe incisively replies: "There I must contradict you. The audacity and grandeur of Byron must certainly tend toward culture. We should take care not to be always looking for culture in the decidedly pure and moral. Everything that is great promotes cultivation, as soon as we are alive to its greatness." That Goethe's judgment is the verdict of the whole Continental world of letters is attested by numerous citations. "What," exclaims Castelar, "does not Spain owe to Byron! From his mouth come our hopes and fears. There is no one with whose being some song of his is not woven." Mazzini takes up the same tune for Italy; Stendhal speaks of Byron's Apollonic power; and Saint Beuve writes to the same intent with some qualifications. M. Taine concludes his survey of the romantic movement with the remark: "In this splendid effort the greatest are exhausted. One alone, Byron, attains the summit. He is so great and so English that from him alone we shall learn more truths of his country and his age than from all the rest together." And finally Dr. Elze, the author of the lastest German estimate, ranks Byron among the four greatest English poets, and claims for him the intellectual parentage of Heine, of Lamartine, of Musset, of Espronceda in Spain, of Pushkin in Russia, of Berchet, and others in Italy.

Mr. Nichol concedes that so many voices of so various countries cannot be lightly set aside, but submits that on matters of form, at all events, foreign judgments can have but little weight. He points out that not one of the above-named critics is sufficiently awake to the technical shortcomings which Byron himself recognized. That he loses almost nothing by translation is, in Mr. Nichol's opinion, a compliment to the man, but a disparagement to the artist. "Scarce a page of his verse," continues the biographer, "even aspires to perfection; hardly a stanza will bear the minute word-by-word dissection which only brings into clearer view the delicate touches of Keats or Tennyson." He pronounces Byron habitually headlong and slovenly, recasting nothing, disdaining the art to blot. No one else, he thinks—except, perhaps, Wordsworth—who could write so well, could also write so ill. The glow of Byron's fancy fades with the suddenness of a Southern sunset. His best inspirations are spoiled by the interruption of incongruous commonplace. He had none of the guardian delicacy of taste or the thirst after completeness which mark the consummate artist. He is, in short, more nearly a dwarf Shakespeare than a giant Pope.

When he turns from his manner to his matter, the biographer's judgment of Byron is far more flattering. It is true he does not claim for the poet any absolute originality, and reminds us that the sources of his wit and wisdom have been detected in a score of authors, among whom Rousseau, Voltaire, Bayle, La Bruyere, Le Sage, Alfieri, Casti, Wieland, Goethe, Swift, and Sterne have been most copiously rifled. But "absolute originality in a late age," says Mr. Nichol, "is only possible to the hermit, the lunatic, or the sensational novelist." It is certain that Byron was not ashamed of his borrowings, and that he might say of himself what Dryden said of Ben Jonson—that what was piracy in others was only victory in him. His borrowings, says Mr. Nichol, "he made his own by recasting the rough ore into bell metal. He brewed a caldron like that of Macbeth's witches, and from it arose the images of crowned kings." If he did not bring a new idea into the world, he quadrupled the energy of existing ideas and scattered them far and wide. The secret of Byron's European influence Mr. Nichol finds in his power of making himself, poetically, everywhere at home; viewed in connection with the fact of all his writings being perfectly intelligible. Byron was a citizen of the world, because he not only painted the environs but reflected the passions and aspirations of every scene amid which he dwelt. While his friend Shelley is now known to have been a pure philanthropist, Byron, who professed to hate his fellows, was of them even more than for them, and so appealed to them through a broader sympathy, and held them with a firmer hand. He "set the anguish, doubt, desire, the whole chaos of his age, to a music whose thunder-roll seems to have inspired the opera of 'Lohengrin'"—a music not designed to teach or to satisfy the moralist, or the philosopher, but which will continue to arouse and delight the sons and daughters of men. His instrument, says Mr. Nichol, in a singularly penetrative and effective passage, is "a trumpet of challenge; and Byron lived, as he appropriately died, in the progress of an unaccomplished campaign." His work is neither perfect architecture nor fine mosaic, but, like that of his intellectual ancestors whom he strangely failed to recognize and perversely maligned, it is all animated by the spirit of action and of enterprise.

Examining the works of Byron in more detail, Mr. Nichol makes some judicious observations on the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," which had the startling effect of fireworks, and whose success is paralleled in modern poetic literature only by that of Scott's "Lays," and the first edition of Burns. It seems that, previous to the publication, Moore expressed an opinion that the poem was too good for the age. According to the present biographer its enthusiastic reception was really due to the reverse being the truth. The first two cantos of "Childe Harold" were just on the level of their time. Their flowing verse, defaced by faults of rhyme and rhythm, perceptible only to finer ears, their pervading sentiment, their occasional boldness relieved by pleasing platitudes, their half-affected rakishness here and there elevated by a rush as of morning air, their frequent richness of description, were all appreciated by the fashionable London of the Regency, while the comparatively mild satire, not keen enough to scarify, only gave a more piquant flavor to the whole. Byron's genius, yet in the green leaf, was not too far above the clever masses of pleasure-loving manhood by which it was surrounded. It was the last two cantos of the same poem, published six years afterward, which first made manifest the range of Byron's power. "Only another slope of ascent," says the biographer, "lay between him and the pinnacle over which shines the red star of 'Cain.' Had his public career closed when he left England in 1816, he would have been remembered for a generation as the author of some musical minor verses, a clever satire, a journal in verse exhibiting flashes of genius, and a series of fascinating metrical romances which had enjoyed a marvellous popularity. The third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold"—separated from their predecessors, not by a stage but by a gulf—placed Byron on another platform, that, namely, of the *Dii Majores* of English verse. It is plain enough that knowledge of life and study of nature were the mainsprings of this growth, but it is suggested that the happy companionship of Shelley played its part in fostering it. It is true there are careless lines and doubtful images even in the later parts of the "Childe," but the descriptions in both cantos perpetually rise from a basis of rhetoric to a real height of poetry, and Mr. Nichol specifies several groups of stanzas which have enough in themselves to feed a high reputation. Of Byron's lyrics, on the other hand, the biographer remarks that they cannot sustain themselves like true song birds, but fall to the ground like spent rockets. Some of his songs unquestionably, such as "There be None of Beauty's Daughters," "She Walks in Beauty," "I enter Thy Garden of Roses," "Maid of Athens," and so on, have a flow and verve that it would be pedantry to ignore; but in general Byron was too much of the earth earthy to be a great lyrist. Some of the greatest singers have indeed lived wild lives, but their wings were not weighted with the lead of the love of the world.

In Byron's dramas the biographer cannot see anything but narratives divided into chapters. Byron's men, it has been said, are made after his own image; his women after his own heart. Mr. Nichol concurs with earlier critics in pronouncing "Marino Faliero" the dullest of dull plays, and he does not think "Sardanapalus" redeemed by the grandeur of some of its descriptive passages and by the development of the chief character, made more vivid by its being distinctly autobiographical. "Manfred" he calls "a chaos of pictures suggested by the scenery of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, half animated by vague personifications and sensational narrative." On the other hand, the biographer devotes a great deal of space to "Cain," which he declares Byron's highest contribution to the metaphysical poetry of the century. Parts of "Cain" leaven, in his judgment, with impressions of grandeur and desolation which no other passages of English poetry can convey. Elsewhere Lord Byron may have exhibited more versatility of fancy and richness of illustration, but nowhere else has he so nearly "struck the stars." Of that extraordinary work, the "Vision of Judgment," Mr. Nichol avers that it must be held as unmistakably the first of parodies as the "Iliad" is the first of epics, or the "Pilgrim's Progress" the first of allegories. In execution it is almost perfect; from first to last every epithet hits the white; every line that does not convulse with laughter stings or lashes. Nowhere in equal space, save in some of the prose of Swift, is there in English so much seathing satire. Of "Don Juan" the biographer seems to echo Scott's panegyric, that "it has the variety of Shakespeare himself," as well as Shelley's declaration that "it fulfils in some degree the task of producing something wholly new, and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful." Into the pages of this poem Byron swept the experience of thirty years of a life so crowded with vitality that our sense of the plethora of power which it exhibits makes us ready to condone its lapses. Mr. Nichol thinks the popularity of the work is due not mainly to the verbal skill which makes it rank as the cleverest of English verse compositions, to its shoals of witticisms, its winged words, telling phrases, and incomparable transitions. He would ascribe it rather to the fact that the work continues to address a large class who are not, in the ordinary sense of the word, lovers of poetry. "Don Juan" is emphatically the poem of intelligent men of middle age, who have grown weary of mere sentiment, and yet retain enough of sympathetic feeling to desire at times to recall it. Such minds, "crusted with the world," are yet pervious to appeals to the spirit that survives beneath the dry dust amid which they move; but only at rare intervals can they accompany the pure lyrist, "singing as if he would never be old," while the hard wit of "Hudibras" is equally tiresome and more distasteful. Their chosen friend is the humorist who, inspired by a subtle perception of the contradictions of life, sees matter for smiles in sorrow and tears in laughter. Byron, of course, was not in the highest sense a great humorist; he does not blend together the two phases as they are blended by Sterne, or Richter, or Carlyle, or Thackeray, but he comes near to produce the same effect by his unequalled power of alternating those phases. His tenderness is none the less genuine that he is perpetually jerking it away, and his wit is never dry, for it is moistened by the constant juxtaposition of sentiment.

Mr. Nichol's remarks on the scandal occasioned by Lady Byron's refusal to live with her husband, will probably strike most readers as acute and temperate, and his strictures on the revolting explanation of that affair, first published in 1869 by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, are, to our thinking, though extremely severe, quite just. He thinks the hideous story which shocked both continents has ultimately recoiled on the retailer of the calumny. The grounds of the reckless charge have been weighed by those who have wished it to prove false, and also by those who have wished it to prove true, and on all hands they are found wanting. The chaff has been beaten in every way without yielding a particle of grain, and Mr. Nichol deems it ill advised to rake up the noxious dust that alone remains. From nothing left on record by either of the two persons most intimately concerned can we derive any trustworthy information. It seems plain that Lady Byron was during the later years of her life the victim of hallucinations. She doubtless believed some story, perhaps invented or distorted by the gossips of dependents, which, when communicated to her legal advisers, led them to the conclusion that the mere fact of her believing it made reconciliation impossible. The inveterate obstinacy which lurked beneath her gracious exterior made her cling through life to the substance—though not always to the form, whatever that may have been—of her first impressions. That this is probably the true interpretation of the facts seems to be attested by the circumstance that, until Lord Byron's death, the intimacy between his wife and his calumniated sister, Mrs. Leigh, remained unbroken, and that through the latter he continued to send numerous messages to the former, and to his child. It is true that after 1830 the two ladies had an open rupture on a matter of business, which was never really healed, though in 1851 Lady Byron, who had developed into a pattern of puritanic precisionism and self-righteousness, sent a message of relenting to Mrs. Leigh on her deathbed.

RUM AND OPIUM.

Facts to be Considered by Those who Are Slaves of a Morbid Appetite.

We are constantly receiving letters from both women and men who acknowledge themselves to be sufferers from a diseased appetite for ardent spirits or for opium. The unfortunates who make this appeal deserve the most respectful consideration and sympathy.

Few men outside of the medical profession know that dipsomania and opium habit are only forms of insanity. Even the medical profession is in the infancy of its enlightenment on the subject of these two ailments. Some men could control themselves, but will not. They drink merely to gratify a vicious propensity. On the other hand, there are those who would willingly reform their habits of indulgence in this respect if they could. From such sincere, repentant, self-accusing ones does an editor receive the touching appeal for "some prescription," "some stimulant," which they can take with safety while "bridging over the dreadful chasm of hopeless prostration that comes over a drinking man when he gives up his liquor and is trying to do without it."

There is no stimulant, no one prescription that will suit all cases. Each sufferer requires treatment adapted to his peculiar constitutional characteristics. What will suit one man or woman will not another, and until the medical profession in general will undertake to prescribe for and treat dipsomania as a form of mental and nervous disease, sufferers will be beset with bewildering difficulties in their efforts at self-cure.

Dr. Edward C. Mann of Fort Washington, New York city, whose utterances are regarded as authority on the subject, says that his patients, many of whom are acknowledged dipsomaniacs, are treated as suffering from a distinct form of nervous disease. Dr. Mann says: "There must be a willingness to be cured on the part of the patient, combined with a determined will to desist from the use of any and all intoxicating beverages. The stimulant, whatever it is, must be abandoned at once. To combat the nervous exhaustion following the withdrawal of stimulants, it is necessary to supply the greatest possible amount of nutrition to the brain and nervous system. The sufferer must be kept calm and tranquil, and sleep must be obtained. Care must be taken to keep the bowels, kidneys, and skin in such a condition that each may perform its functions properly. If there is headache and drowsiness, such diuretics as liquor of acetate of ammonia, with spirits of nitric ether, must be taken as prescribed by a physician. Phosphorus in minute doses in cod liver oil or fresh cream, taken after meals, is given in most cases. Quinine and strychnine are very valuable in some cases, and in others good results have been observed after taking minute pills of phosphide of zinc and extract of nux vomica. Hot baths given at bedtime will produce sleep sometimes when all other means have failed, but when necessary to aid their sleep-producing action, mono-bromide of camphor or gelseminum with sodium and chloral is resorted to. All of these remedies must of course be taken under the direction of a physician to insure their doing good instead of harm."

The remedial agent upon which Dr. Mann relies as far surpassing all others in its permanent effects is the judicious use of electricity. The electric currents are employed thus: The negative electrode or pole is applied at the lower end of the spine, or at the pit of the stomach, while the positive pole is applied to the upper end of the spine on each side of the prominent vertebra, just above the shoulders, and up and down the spine, making the séance or sitting fifteen or twenty minutes in duration daily, and in some cases twice a day.

An intelligent person addicted to the use of ardent spirits, but intent upon reform and self-treatment, might from these general hints, aided by his family physician, be able to struggle back to health and self-control. Meantime, he must beware of taking the advice of any physician who would counsel him to a gradual abandonment of his alcoholic stimulus. He must from the first and ever after be a teetotaler. No moderate drinking nor tampering with his appetite must be permitted, no matter who advises him to the contrary. If he falls again into temptation and relapses into dipsomania, the treatment must be repeated. Recovery is more difficult and doubtful after each relapse. In addition to this, he must ever afterward conform his habits and occupations to his idiosyncrasy. He must not go to dinners, or parties of any kind where he will be tempted to convivial drinking. He must shun his former boon companions and seek other associations. His mind must be both occupied and amused. Good sermons, lectures, theatrical and musical entertainments, outdoor sports, and games of all kinds will aid him in keeping his mental and nervous equilibrium. If assailed with symptoms of a return of his appetite he must resort to the general treatment described above, modified by circumstances, and laying particular stress upon the use of warm baths at night and electrical currents administered as described.

When the opium habit is complicated with dipsomania, which is frequently the case, or when it is the only disease of the patient, the treatment is not unlike that advised for dipsomania. The dose of opium is at once reduced considerably, and from day to day a slow reductionary course of treatment is adopted, while the nervous system is kept quiet by sedatives. Sometimes mercurial cathartics are necessary. Warm baths and mono-bromide of camphor or other sedatives are given at night, while the central nervous system is daily stimulated and invigorated with the use of electricity applied in the same way as in dipsomania. A tonic is given, and this, with cold sponge baths followed by friction with the flesh brush or crash towel, soon builds up the nervous system.

We have given the outlines of the general treatment of dipsomania and opium habit, as practised by one who has made these forms of disease a special study. To convince a victim of dipsomania or of opium that he is a victim of a dangerous disease is perhaps the most difficult part of the treatment. But those to whom this article is addressed are already convinced, or sufficiently so for all practical purposes. Scientific investigation, however, is the best preacher and most potent moral lecturer on the evil of tampering with alcoholic stimulants or opium. Those who are hovering on the verge of the maelstrom which at any moment may drag them down—moderate drinkers—are admonished by this short sermon of science.

The unanswerable teachings of natural facts revealed to us by experimental testing of natural phenomena are that alcoholic drinks are not accessory food, as has been erroneously supposed. They will not build up the tissues of the body nor repair lost nervous or muscular force. In quantities of varying degrees they affect the blood, making that fluid unduly thin or coagulating it, according to the absorption into the system. Alcohol, which is the active principle of all intoxicating drinks, changes the natural action of the heart, in some instances increasing the number of extra strokes of that organ to 25,000 in twenty-four hours. All the vital organs of the body which have their delicate vascular structure governed by the nervous system or current—the lungs, liver, kidneys, the living mucous membrane of the digestive system, together with the brain—are all, by reason of their weakened blood vessels, congested with blood, just as you see the face and hands of a drunkard flushed with wine. The nervous sensibilities are diminished by virtue of a paralysis of the vaso-motor and cerebro-spinal system of nerves which the alcohol causes as it circulates through the body. This causes a peculiar morbid influence upon the brain and nervous system, which, if the habit be indulged in, becomes a permanently unhealthy impression, resulting in the formation of an irresistible or insane impulse to seek relief by the drinking of alcoholic stimulants.

If moderate drinkers will study these facts and lay them to heart, they will need no further admonition to shun the wine cup.

For the opium eater, we must again quote Dr. Mann. He says: "The action of opium suspends and permanently enfeebles volition and conscience. When a man has once yielded himself up to the mastery of this appetite the moral sense becomes obliterated, and all the finer susceptibilities and nobler aspirations decline and fade away, the aim in life becomes erratic and purposeless, and the *habitue* has the misery of seeing his children inherit the physical expression of general enervation and the mental aspect of dulness and idiocy. These children, with their feeble, broken-down constitutions, inevitably fill, as they grow up, our prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums. One of the saddest things connected with this habit is the fact that voluntary renunciation of opium by one who has become addicted to its use is unknown to the profession."

It follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that the only way for a victim to this disease to effect a cure is to put himself under necessary control. He must first desire to be cured, and then be willing to endure restraint. Then by a slow reductionary course of treatment, and with sedatives and stimulants addressed to the condition of nervous prostration, and particularly the daily use of electricity, even the most impracticable cases can be cured.

THE BACHELOR KING OF BAVARIA.

The King of Bavaria has been visiting Paris, and Albert Wolff gives in the *Figaro* a characteristic sketch of the mysterious, taciturn, and eccentric monarch. He seems to shun mankind. If a traveller passing through Munich inquires, "Where is the King?" no one can answer. Many old inhabitants have never seen him. When some important affair calls for his presence he arrives in the night and disappears before dawn. In the magnificent Royal Theatre is a State box, facing the stage, but the King is never seen there. On gala nights the courtiers stand respectfully around his Majesty's empty chair. When the King goes to the theatre the doors are closed against the public, and alone in the vast place, only partly lighted up, he witnesses the performance. He enters by a gallery communicating with the palace. He is accompanied by a chamberlain, who remains at the entrance of the royal box, and who sees him home again when the spectacle is over. The following day, when this same chamberlain comes to take his master's orders, the King is no longer in the palace. During the night he has ordered a special train and gone off, no one knows whither. When he arrives where he wishes to stop the train, he gives a signal. A groom is waiting with horses, and the King jumps into the saddle and starts at full gallop toward the mountains. The horses dash along until they reach a castle whose gates are never opened save for him. The Ministers often travel a whole week in search of the King. Now and then a rumor goes through Munich that the King is at Nymphenburg, a palace close by the capital. Some tourists, wishing to visit the handsome park, have found the gates closed, and guards placed at each entrance. The Nymphenburg Palace is not beautiful, but it is large. In the park are four handsomely decorated pavilions. Three of them are empty, while the fourth and smallest is furnished and arranged for the King's use. During the day he never goes out; he will not be seen even by a gardener. At night he strolls along the dreary avenues, and returns to his retreat when people begin to come out in the morning. Albert Wolff saw the shy King twice. The first time was in 1869 in his palace in Munich. "They had placed me," he says, "in a fine reception room; the walls were covered with portraits of the King's ancestors; at the entrance of the royal chamber two halberdiers stood on guard. After half an hour the door was opened and the King appeared. He was 22 years old then, and wore the skyblue uniform of a General in the Bavarian infantry. I bowed as he passed by. He raised his right hand to his kepi and disappeared. Ten years later I saw him again passing in a carriage. He was singularly changed; the man of 30 looked as if he were past 40. Since 1869 this sovereign's misanthropy has reached its climax." His love of isolation is attributed by some to the absence of any womanly influence. He is still a bachelor, and has never been known to have a love affair, for he shuns all women as he shrinks from all men.

Deference for the sovereign is especially great in Bavaria, where the house of Wittelsbach has reigned during five centuries. The King is faithful to the Constitution, and his eccentricities cannot lessen his prestige. Munich's inhabitants refrain from comment upon them; as an excuse they point out how some brain disease is afflicting the King's brother; but the King himself is in perfect health. The artists who have been at work under his orders explain most plausibly his singular disposition. King Louis II. is indeed affected by an incurable disease. His ambition has grown beyond all limits. In his youth he dreamed of an ideal royalty, such as fate hardly ever gave to a ruler. His longing was to renew the splendors of Versailles and to grace the Bavarian country with a perfected Roi-Soleil. But, once grasping the crown, he found his power held in check by a Constitution and by a very limited civil list, and his throne of minor weight in European councils. He stumbled at every step against the common law, and perceived that all was permitted to a Bavarian King except what was prohibited. He could not nominate a Judge without the assent of his Minister, nor could he send away a functionary at his fancy. The country was stronger than he. Seeing that his youthful dream of almighty sway could not be realized, his pride revolted; duty seemed mortifying and distasteful; the petty facts of reality, so crushing for his high-flown ambition, made him melancholy, and he withdrew from public affairs, leaving his Ministers to govern with Parliament, and appearing reluctantly only when the traditions of royalty made it unavoidable. He hates the outside world, and sulkily persists in keeping up his grandeur in a solitude where there is no one to disturb his illusions. Louis XIV. is his ideal. He uses all the means at his disposal for constructing palace after palace in the style of Louis XIV. He studies old engravings, in order to renew in these mansions the furniture and decorations of that time. One day he found an engraving of a costly sleigh, presented by the Roi-Soleil to some great contemporary. Immediately Louis II. sends for an artist of great renown, orders a new sleigh made on exactly the same pattern, and this new piece of luxury is entombed in one of the lonely new palaces constructed at so great an expense, in which the King never receives any one. Also, in the old palace in Munich this mania to rival the splendors of Versailles has been busy. The furniture, in correct Louis XIV. style, is simply marvellous wherever it may come from. Even in France there are no finer Louis XIV. meubles than those in Munich. King Louis can thus in his splendid palaces, where he lives all alone, imagine the grandeur reality denies him. For completing his illusion this Roi-Soleil lacked only a Molière to enliven his solitude. Richard Wagner arose. There came the great genius wanted, upon whom the great monarch could lavish his favors. His Majesty took under his august protection the yet misunderstood masterpieces of Wagner, as Louis XIV. caused "Tartuffe" to be played, in spite of and against all. The music of the future came to crown his reign. History should perhaps speak of the era of Louis II. as of the grand epoch of Louis XIV. With such tenacity of mind, it is natural that the King should defend his authority by all possible means. He was the only German sovereign who, during the war of 1870, was not at the head of his troops. It displeased him to appear second in the staff. Neither would Louis XIV. have submitted to serve under any one else's command.

The King of Bavaria does not often communicate with his subjects. Sometimes he cannot avoid showing himself to the army. Some years ago he had been prevailed upon to review the garrison in Munich. The regiments were massed and the King arrived on the field. He rode quickly along the front of the line, but without waiting for their *défilé*, spurred his steed and disappeared, leaving his Minister of War and his staff to finish the ceremony, so beneath his conception of what it ought to have been. He seldom speaks to his people, but if he does address them it is in the language of exalted Majesty. He is a faithful ally to the German Emperor, but he treats him as an equal. It is by coaxing and flattering his mania that needed concessions have been drawn from him. The German Empire has not yet succeeded in persuading this little satrap to give up his separate postal and telegraph service. While all the other German States have adopted the same postal stamp, with the arms of the Empire, the King of Bavaria maintains his stamps, with his bust encircled with laurels like Cæsar.

S. L. T.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAPTURE OF ROME.

The tenth anniversary of the capture of Rome was celebrated there on the 20th of September with more than ordinary rejoicings by the Ministry and municipality.

When the Italian Government decided to seize Rome in 1870, after the recall of the French troops, Signor Giovanni Lanza was the Prime Minister. In Parliamentary debate it has leaked out that he was then fearful of taking such a step, but that, his judgment having been overruled by sundry influential advisers of the crown, he at length consented to order, Gens. Cadorna and Bixio to advance on the city of the Popes. The bombardment of one of the gates, Porta Pia, having placed the defenceless city at their mercy, Signor Lanza at once put in a claim to all the glory of taking Rome, and he has steadily and sturdily maintained this claim. Since that memorable year of 1870, Italy has been immersed in a constant political turmoil, one clique of governing politicians giving place to another in quick succession. There have been no less than half a dozen Ministries, Lanza, Minghetti, Depretis (twice Premier), and Cairoli (now in his second administration) in turn held sway. The most statesmanlike quality these Ministers exhibited was to keep themselves and their favorites in power by a series of hand-to-mouth expedients. Lanza and Minghetti, belonging to the party of the Right, claimed to rule from a conservative point of view; Depretis and Cairoli, at the head of the party of the Left, put themselves forward as the champions of the people. Although supported by popular opinion and endorsed by Garibaldi, the two last named Premiers proved in some respects to be more royalist than the King himself, especially in court matters. Their deference to the royal prerogative and etiquette, and their failure to institute any popular reform, notably that of the enlargement of the suffrage, were abundantly satirized by both the Right and the Left. In reality they followed in the footsteps of their predecessors in religious, military, and financial affairs. While these four men claimed to be carrying out Cavour's policy of unification and consolidation, Ratazzi and La Marmora, the two leaders who, in conjunction with the famous Piedmontese statesman, did most to found the new kingdom, were thrust aside, and died, as is generally believed, broken-hearted.

The transfer of the Government to Rome in 1871 was disastrous to Florence, which during seven years had been put to great expense in preparing to become a capital. Its trade and society dwindled, until the authorities had to suspend payments because the municipality was bankrupt. Only two years ago it was even contemplated to place the "City of Flowers" in the hands of a receiver; and though this was not done, because the national Government promised a help which has been only partially afforded, the financial plight of Florence remains deplorable—its debts unpaid and its paper dishonored. Turin, the original capital, had been somewhat similarly damaged when it ceased to be the seat of Government; but then Turin readily recuperated, because it was a wealthy commercial centre, which Florence never was.

Upon the installment of the royal court in the Quirinal, and of the Parliament in the wooden structure hastily erected at Monte Citorio, the celebrated guarantees to the Pope which had been voted at Florence were promulgated officially. In substance these guarantees, while declaring the Government supreme over the newly-captured city, left the Pope in possession of the palace of the Vatican, as a great personage entitled to privileges, and allotted him a salary of $665,000 a year. This salary has never yet been paid, because neither Pius IX. nor Leo XIII. would take it, and the amount has only nominally figured in the national budget; if called on to pay its accrued total the Government would be sorely pressed. The law of guarantees—with the exception of paying this salary—and the series of laws, passed in 1873, confiscating a portion of the Church property and abolishing the religious orders and fraternities in Rome, have been rigorously executed. Much of the confiscated property was sold at auction at merely nominal figures to Government favorites and intriguing speculators.

The ten years' interval since 1870 has wrought changes in the new capital. At first the Romans were disposed to be jubilant, as unusual privileges were showered upon them at a stroke of the pen, and as, under the settlement in the Corso and Via Condotti of a host of bustling merchants, trade had a brisk send-off. The population was dazzled, and looked for wonders. But the tinsel of first appearances soon wore off when it was found that the promised prosperity had feeble foundation. What had been the support of the city suddenly ceased. The wealthy foreign visitors, who had been accustomed to spend their winters between the Coliseum and the Vatican, failed to put in an appearance or to furnish the "ways and means." There has consequently been no little misery and grumbling among the citizens, reduced to live off the driblets vouchsafed by Government employees and cheap tourists, travelling for the most part with small satchels instead of big trunks. Owing to the influx of settlers in the wake of Government and court, the population amounted, according to the census taken on Dec. 31 of last year, to 301,680, showing an increase of 75,000 in the last decade. From the very commencement of the new era, rent, provisions, clothes, and living in general grew dearer. Gold and silver vanished early, and are never seen now as in the days when the foreign world distributed so lavishly the precious metals. Trade and manufactures have not, so far, been built up extensively, except among a small minority of the citizens. The ruins have been excavated, restored, repaired; new houses built; entire quarters put up by a syndicate of speculating capitalists, old ones demolished or freshly washed, and new streets run, until the city's old picturesqueness has been seriously curtailed. From a modern point of view, of course, numerous improvements have been made. At the same time, as Rome was not built in a day, neither can it be pulled down in a day, and the modernizing process has not gone so far but that an abundance of the antique is left to maintain the city's reputation as the richest of curiosity shops. The municipality has been chiefly at the expense of constructing new streets—foremost among which is the Via Nazionale—and in establishing public free schools, which are now more numerous and better managed than those of any other Italian city. The pupils learn with a remarkable aptness, and the younger generation of Romans, unlike their fathers and mothers, will start in life with a fair amount of elementary knowledge. The children of the nobility and upper classes of Roman society are still invariably educated in the Roman Catholic schools.

A decade with Rome as capital has rendered a change very perceptible in Italian society at large. It has, above all, become far more practical and less impressionable than in the ante-revolutionary era. Uniformity of aims and methods has already levelled those individualisms which were formerly established landmarks in Italian town and country. Even the peasantry have joined in the modern chase after comfort, and, no longer content to vegetate in their poverty-stricken districts, are emigrating in swarms to both Americas in search of fortune. Not so much to the density of population in the kingdom, numbering now twenty-seven millions of inhabitants, is this emigration due as to the awakening of a new spirit which has rendered the old starvation unpalatable.

But the completion of Italy's long-coveted unity has within the last ten years doubled its debt. Its currency of paper money is at a discount of fifteen per cent.; taxes and deficits are yearly on the increase. The finances have been wretchedly mismanaged since Cavour's death, the expenses being many times over what they should have been. The excuse has been wars, great armies, and works of internal improvement, such as the Mont Cenis and Gothard tunnels, docks, ports, ships, and railroads. In constructing them the Italian legislators and financiers acted as if several Californias were under their thumb, and, indeed, as if no bills were ultimately to be presented for payment. An army and navy, increased out of all proportion to the requirements of the nation, continue to drain the national exchequer, and no prospect of stopping this drain is seen to glimmer even faintly on the horizon. Withal it is amusing to see with what levity the Ministerial organs at Rome touch upon the national indebtedness. "Baron Rothschild of Paris," said one of them lately, "during the visit he has just made to Rome, spoke very encouragingly of our finances." He must have spoken, then with a view to his own pocket, or to getting possession of a portion of the country as collateral for the money its rulers borrowed from him and dissipated.